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Miscellanies.

From the Waverley Anecdotes.

THE CONDITION OF THE SCOTCH PEASANTRY.

About sixty or seventy years ago, a great part of the cottages of the Scotch day-laborers were built with walls of turf, stone buttresses, or wooden posts, built into the wall, supporting the heavy timbers of the roof; few, comparatively, of this description exist at present, the greater part being built with stone and lime.

The general description of the cottage of a laborer or tradesman, who keeps a cow, is a house of eighteen or twenty feet by fifteen or sixteen within walls; the door is in front, near by one of the gables; two close beds form the close partition, dividing the space occupied by the family from a space of four feet from the gable at which you enter, where stands the cow behind one of the beds. There is one window in front near the fire gable, opposite to which, at the wall, stands the ambry, or shelved wooden closet, in which the cow's milk and other family daily provisions are locked up; and above it, lying against the slant of the roof, is the shelf or frame containing shelves, with cross-bars in front, to prevent the utensils set upon its shelves, from tumbling off from its over-hanging position; the show of the house depending much upon the quality and arrangement of the crockery and other utensils placed thus, in open view upon the shelf. A chest containing the family wardrobe, stands in front of one of the close beds, serving also for seats.—The close beds are also furnished with a shelf at the head and foot, upon which part of the family apparel is deposited, to preserve it from the dust. A wooden armed chair for the husband or "gudeman," when he arrives fatigued from his labor, and a few stools, among which is one called the *buffet stool*, for the rest of the family, and a plunge churn, completes the inventory of the household furniture; to which only a small barrel for salted fish, and another for meal may be added, if the family can afford to lay in stores, and are not from hand to mouth.

The cooking utensils consist of a small cast-iron pot, in which is daily prepared the oatmeal porridge, the universal breakfast, eaten with milk, or with home-brewed weak ale from treacle, when the milk season is over, in which also the potatoes are boiled, as the universal supper, while they last, eaten either with milk, or merely with salt; in which is also prepared for dinner through winter, potatoes dressed with mutton suet for the purpose of broth, to be eaten with bread made universally with shelled barley and kale from the kale yard; and according to circumstances, either with or without a bit of salted mutton, to give them a relish. The butter from the cow being all sold fresh, from the high price it bears in such vicinity to Edinburgh, being the chief dependence for money to pay for the cow's summer grass, and to purchase the winter's fodder: the skimmed milk only being used by the families, in the manner already stated, or, when most plenty in summer, serving for dinner broth.

The next indispensable cooking utensil, universally in use in every cottage and in every family in the country, is the girdle, which is a round thin plate, either of malleable or cast-iron, from one to two feet in diameter, according to the size of the family. It is suspended over the fire by a jointed iron arch with three legs called the *clips*, the end of the legs of which are hooked to hold fast the girdle. The clips are again hooked upon the chain called the *crook*, which is attached to an iron rod, or wooden beam, called the *rantle-tree*, which is fixed across the chimney-stalk, at some distance above the fire. Upon this girdle is baked the ordinary bread of the cottager, and of the farmer's servants, consisting of bannocks, made of the meal of peas or of barley, but more generally of the two meals together, and more rarely of oats. The meal is made into dough with water without leaven, and the dough is formed into circular cakes of from seven to nine inches in diameter, and one half to three quarters of an inch in thickness. It is then roasted, first on one side and then on the other, upon the girdle; and two or three days' provision are made at once. The bread has but a doughy taste.

The oat cake, known by the sole appellation of cake, is the gala bread of the cottager. The meal is made into dough with water, without leaven, as little water being used as is merely sufficient to make the meal stick together; the dough is then kneaded, or rolled out as thin as possible, into a round cake, or diameter, corresponding to the size of the girdle; the cake is then cut into four quadrants, and toasted on the girdle, alternately on both sides, care being taken, both with cakes and bannocks, to prevent the girdle from being so hot as to burn the surface. When the cake is so hardened as to stand on edge, it is placed upon an iron heater, linked upon a bar of the grate, where it toasts leisurely

till it is perfectly dry, though no way burnt. If it has lain some days unused, it is toasted anew before it is eaten: it thus constitutes a hearty species of bread, of a tonic quality, to judge by the taste; and which, by many Scotsmen in the higher ranks, is preferred to wheaten bread.

There is just one other utensil indispensable to the cottager, which is a very small barrel or can of stone-ware to hold his salt, which he keeps in a hole in the wall, close by his fire, to prevent its running, from the moisture in the air. He must also have a wooden pail to carry water; in which also his cow is milked, if he has one; on which supposition, too, he must have three cans of stone ware, or vessels of cooper's work, in which the milk is set in the ambry, to stand for casting up the cream.

JUDGE JEFFERIES.

The infamous Jefferies died in the Tower of London, whither he had been committed after he had been taken in the disguise of a common sailor, for the purpose of leaving England. He was born at Acton, near Wrexham, in Denbighshire, and being raised to the bench, polluted its sanctity by perversions of the law. His habits and language were vulgar and disgusting. John Evelyn says, "I went this day, to a wedding of one Mrs Castle, to whom I had some obligation; and it was to her fifth husband, a lieutenant-colonel of the city. She was the daughter of one Bruton, a broom-man, by his wife, who sold kitchen-stuff in Kent-street, whom God so blessed, that the father became very rich, and was a very honest man; and this daughter was a jolly, friendly woman. There were at the wedding the lord mayor, the sheriff, several aldermen, and persons of quality; above all, sir George Jefferies, newly made lord chief justice of England, who with Mr Justice Withings, danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry! These great men spent the rest of the afternoon, till eleven at night, in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of judges that had, but a day or two before, condemned Mr Algernon Sidney, who was executed the 7th of December, 1683, on Tower-hill, on the single witness of that monster of a man, lord Howard of Escrick, and some sheets of paper taken in Mr Sidney's study, pretended to be written by him, but not fully proved." James II. found Jefferies a fit instrument for his arbitrary purposes. After the defeat of the duke of Monmouth in the west, he employed the most sanguinary miscreants, and Jefferies among the rest, to wreak his vengeance on the deluded people. Bishop Burnet says, that Jefferies' behavior was brutally disgusting, beyond any thing that was ever heard of in a civilized nation; "he was perpetually either drunk, or in a rage, more like a fury than the zeal of a judge." He required the prisoners to plead guilty, on pretence of showing them favor; but he afterwards showed them no mercy, hanging many immediately. He hanged in several places about six hundred persons. The king had a daily account of Jefferies' proceedings, which he took pleasure to relate in the drawing-room to foreign ministers, and at his table he called it "Jefferies' campaign." Upon Jefferies' return, he created him a peer of England, by the title of Earl of Flint. During these "bloody assizes," the lady Lisle, a noble woman of exemplary character, whose husband had been murdered by the Stuart party, was tried for entertaining two gentlemen of the duke of Monmouth's army; and though the jury twice brought her in not guilty, Jefferies sent them out again and again, until, upon his threatening to attain them of treason, they pronounced her guilty. Jefferies, before he tried this lady, got the king to promise that he would not pardon her, and the only favor she obtained was the change of her sentence from burning to beheading.—Mrs Gaunt, a widow, near Wapping, who was a Baptist, and spent her time in acts of charity, was tried on a charge of having hid one Burton, who, hearing that the king had said that he would sooner pardon rebels than those who harbored them, accused his benefactress of having saved his life.—She was burned at the stake. The excellent William Penn, the Quaker, saw her die, and related the manner of her death to Burnet. She laid the straw about her for her burning speedily, and behaved herself so heroically, that all melted into tears. Six men were hanged at Tyburn, on the like charge, without trial. At length, the bloody and barbarous executions were so numerous, that they spread horror throughout the nation. England was an *aceldema*: the country, for sixty miles together, from Bristol to Exeter, had a new and terrible sort of sign-posts or gibbets, bearing the heads and limbs of its butchered inhabitants. Every soul was sunk in anguish and terror, sighing by day and by night for deliverance, but shut out of all hope, till the arrival of the prince of Orange, on whom the two houses of Parliament bestowed the crown. Jefferies had attained under James II. to the high office of lord chancellor.

MEN AND MANNERS IN AMERICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CYRIL THORNTON."

The National Gazette contains a copious extract from the forthcoming work under the above title, from the pen of Colonel Hamilton, a writer well known to the reading community, as the author of "Cyril Thornton," and of a highly interesting narrative of the events of the Peninsular War. His present work is now in the press of Messrs Carey, Lea and Blanchard of Philadelphia, and is expected very soon to appear. From the above named extract, we have made the following selections.

"The drawing rooms in New-York certainly strike me as being a good deal more primitive in their appliances than those of the more opulent classes in the old country. Furniture in the United States is apparently not one of those articles in which wealth takes pride in displaying its superiority. Every thing is comfortable, but every thing is plain. Here are no bull tables, nor or-molu clocks, nor gigantic mirrors, nor cabinets of Japan, nor draperies of silk or velvet; and one certainly does miss a thousand elegancies with which the taste of British ladies delights in adorning their apartments. In short, the appearance of an American mansion is decidedly republican. No want remains unsupplied, while nothing is done for the gratification of a taste for luxury.

This is as it should be. There are few instances of such opulence in America as would enable its owner, without inconvenience, to lavish thousands on pictures, ottomans, and china vases. In such a country, there are means of profitable outlay for every shilling of accumulated capital, and the Americans are too prudent a people to invest in objects of mere taste, that which in the more vulgar shape of cotton or tobacco, would tend to the replenishing of their pockets.—After all, it is better, perhaps, to sit on leather, or cotton, with a comfortable balance at one's banker's book, than to lounge on damask, and tread on carpets of Persia, puzzling our brains about the budget, and the ways and means.

One cause of the effect just noticed, is unquestionably the absence of the law, or, rather, the custom of primogeniture. A man, whose fortune, at his death, must be divided among a numerous family, in equal proportions, will not readily invest any considerable portion of it in such inconvertible objects as the productions of the fine arts, and still less in articles of mere household luxury, unsuited to the circumstances of his descendants. It will rarely happen, that a father can bequeath to each of his children enough to render them independent. They have to struggle into opulence as best they may; assuredly, to men so circumstanced, nothing can be more inconvenient and distasteful, than to receive any part of their legacies in the form of pictures, or scagliola tables, instead of Erie canal shares, or bills of the New-York Bank.

Another circumstance, probably not without its effect in recommending both paucity and plainness of furniture, is the badness of the servants. These are chiefly people of color, habituated from their cradle, to be regarded as an inferior race, and consequently sadly wanting both in moral energy and principle. Every lady with whom I have conversed on the subject, speaks with envy of the superior comforts and facilities of a English establishment. A colored servant, they declare, requires perpetual supervision. He is an executive not a deliberative being. Under such circumstances, the drudgery that devolves on an American matron, I should imagine to be excessive. She must direct every operation that is going on from the garret to the cellar. She must be her own house-keeper, superintend all the out-goings and comings-in; and interfere in a thousand petty and annoying details; which in England, go on like clock-work, out of sight and out of thought.

If it fare so with the mistress of an establishment, the master has no sinecure. A butler is out of the question. He would much rather know that the keys of his cellar were at the bottom of the Hudson, than in the pocket of black Caesar, with a fair opportunity of getting at his *Maron* or his *Bingham*. Few of the colored population have energy to resist temptation. The dread of punishment has been removed as an habitual motive to exertion, but the sense of inextinguishable degradation yet remains.

The torment of such servants has induced many families in New-York to discard them altogether, and supply their places with natives of the Emerald Isle. It may be doubted, whether the change has generally been accompanied with much advantage. Domestic service in the United States is considered as degrading, by all untainted by the curse of African descent. No native American could be induced to it, and popular as the present President may be, he would probably not find one of his constituents, whom any amount or

emolument would influence to brush his coat, or stand behind his carriage. On their arrival in this country, therefore, the Scotch and English, who are not partial to being looked down upon by their neighbors, very soon get hold of this prejudice; but he of that terrestrial paradise, "first flower of the earth; and first gem of the sea," has no such scruples. Landing often at the quay at New-York, without hat, shoes, and sometimes less dispensable garments, he is content to put his pride in his pocket, where there is always ample room for its accommodation. But even with him domestic service is only a temporary expedient. The moment he contrives to scrape together a little money, he bids his master good morning, and, fired with the ambition of farming or store-keeping, starts off for the back country.

The nuisance of this is, that no white servant is ever stationary in a place. He comes a mere clod-pole, and is no sooner taught his duty, and become a useful member of the house, than he accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, and a new writ must forthwith be issued for a tenant of the pantry.—Now, though annual elections may be good things in the body politic, the most democratic American will probably admit, that in the body domestic, the longer the members keep their seats, the better. Habits of office are of some value in a valet, as well as in a Secretary of State, and how these are to be obtained by either functionary, as matters are at present ordered in this country, I profess myself at a loss to understand.

When you enter an American house, either in quality of casual visitor or invited guest, the servant never thinks of ushering you to the company; on the contrary, he immediately disappears, leaving you to explore your way, in a navigation of which you know nothing, or to amuse yourself in the passage, by counting the hat-pegs and umbrellas. In a strange house, one cannot take the liberty of bawling for assistance, and the choice only remains of opening doors on speculation, with the imminent risk of intruding on the bedroom of some young lady, or cutting the gordian knot by escaping through the only one you knew anything about. I confess, that the first time I found myself in this unpleasant predicament, the latter expedient was the one I adopted, though I fear not without offence to an excellent family, who, having learned the fact of my admission, could not be supposed to understand the motive of my precipitate retreat.

On the whole, the difference is not striking, I should imagine, between the social habits of the people of New-York, and those prevalent in our first rate mercantile cities. In both, the faculties are exerted in the same pursuits; in both, the dominant aristocracy is that of wealth; and in both, there is the same grasping at unsubstantial and unacknowledged distinctions.

It is the fashion to call the United States the land of liberty and equality. If the term equality be understood simply as implying, that there exists no privileged order in America, the assertion, though not strikingly true,* may pass. In any wider acceptation, it is mere nonsense. There is quite as much practical equality in Liverpool as New-York. The magnates of the exchange do not strut less proudly in the latter city than in the former; nor are their wives and daughters more backward in supporting their pretensions.—In such matters, legislative enactments can do nothing.—Man's vanity, and the desire of distinction inherent in his nature, cannot be repressed. If obstructed in one outlet, it will only gush forth with greater vehemence at another. The most contemptible of mankind has some talent of mind or body,—some attraction—virtue—accomplishment—dexterity—or gift of fortune,—in short, something real or imaginary, on which he arrogates superiority to those around him. The rich man looks down upon the poor, the learned on the ignorant, the orator on him unblest with the gift of tongues, and "he that is a true born gentleman, and stands upon the honor of his birth," despises the *roturier*, whose talents have raised him to an estimation in society, perhaps superior to his own.

Thus it is with the men, and with the fairer sex assuredly it is not different. No woman, conscious of attraction, was ever a republican in her heart. Beauty is essentially despotic—it uniformly asserts its power, and never yet consented to a surrender of privilege. I have certainly heard it maintained in the United States, that all men were equal, but never did I hear that assertion from the lips of a lady.—On the contrary, the latter is always conscious of the full extent of her claims to preference and admiration, and is never satisfied till she feels them to be acknowledged. And what zephyr is too light to fill the gossamer sails of a woman's vanity! The form of a feature, the whiteness of a hand, the shade of a ringlet, a cap, a feather, a trinket, a smile, a motion—all, or any of these, or distinctions yet finer and more shadowy, if such there be—are enough, here as elsewhere, to constitute the sign and shibboleth of her fantastic supremacy. It is in vain, therefore, to talk of female republicans; there exists, and can exist, no such being on either side of the Atlantic; for human nature is the same on both.

In truth, the spirit of aristocracy displays itself in this commercial community, in every variety of form. One en-

* Not strictly true, because in many of the States, the right of suffrage is made dependant on a certain qualification in property. In Virginia, in particular, this qualification is very high.

counters it in every turn. The other night, at a ball, I had the honor to converse a good deal with a lady who is confessedly a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion. She inquired what I thought of the company. I answered, "that I had rarely seen a party in any country in which the average of beauty appeared to me to be so high."

"Indeed!" answered my fair companion, with an expression of surprise; "it would seem that you English gentlemen are not very difficult to please; but does it strike you that the average is equally high as regards sir, manners and fashion?"

"In regard to such matters," I replied, "I certainly could not claim for the party in question, any remarkable distinction; but that, in a scene so animated, and brilliant with youth, beauty, and gaiety of spirit, I was little disposed to play the critic."

"Nay," replied my opponent, for the conversation had already begun to assume something of the form of argument, "it surely requires no spirit of rigid criticism, to discriminate between such a set of vulgarians, as you see collected here, and ladies who have been accustomed to move in a higher and better circle. Mrs. ———, is an odd person, and makes it a point to bring together at her balls, all the riff-raff of the place—people whom, if you were to remain ten years in New York, you would probably never meet any where else. I assure you, there are not a dozen girls in this room that I should think of admitting to my own parties."

Thus driven from the field, I ventured to direct her notice to several elegant and pretty girls, about whom I asked some questions. Their attractions, however, were either not admitted, or when these were too decided to allow of direct negation, the subject was ingeniously evaded. If I talked of a pretty foot, I was told the owner was the daughter of a tobaccoist. If I admired a graceful dancer, I was assured (what I certainly should not have discovered) that the young lady was of vulgar manners, and without education. Some were so utterly unknown to fame, that their very names, birth, habits, and connexions, were buried in the most profound and impenetrable obscurity. In short, a Count of the Empire, with his sixteen quarterings, probably would not have spoken, with contempt half so virulent of these fair plebeians. The reader will perhaps agree, that there are more exclusives in the world, than the lady patronesses of Almack's.

I shall now give an instance of the estimation in which wealth is held in this commercial community. At a party a few evenings ago, the worthy host was politely assiduous in introducing me to the more prominent individuals who composed it. Unfortunately, he considered it necessary to preface each repetition of the ceremony, with some preliminary account of the pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman, the honor of whose acquaintance was about to be conferred on me. "Do you observe," he asked, "that tall thin person, with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made a hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in *gallow*. You must allow me to introduce you to him."

The introduction passed, and my zealous cicerone again approached, with increased importance of aspect—"A gentleman," he said, "worth at least half a million, had expressed a desire to make my acquaintance." This was gratifying, and, of course, not to be denied. A third time did our worthy entertainer return to the charge, and before taking my departure, I had the honor of being introduced to an individual, who was stated to be still more opulent than his predecessors. Had I been presented to so many bags of dollars, instead of to their possessors, the ceremony would have been quite as interesting, and perhaps less troublesome.

The truth is, that in a population wholly devoted to money getting, the respect paid to wealth is so pervasively diffused, that it rarely occurred to any one, that it was impossible I should feel the slightest interest in the private circumstances of the gentlemen with whom I might chance to form a transient acquaintance. It is far from my intention, however, to assert, that many of the travelled and more intelligent order of Americans could be guilty of such *sottises* as that to which I have alluded. But it is unquestionably true, that the tone of conversation, even in the best circles, is materially lowered by the degree in which it is engrossed by money and its various interests. Since my arrival, I have received much involuntary instruction in the prices of corn, cotton, and tobacco. I am already well informed as to the reputed pecuniary resources of every gentleman of my acquaintance, and the annual amount of his disbursements. My stock of information as to bankruptcies and dividends is very respectable; and if the manufacturers of Glasgow and Paisley knew only half as well as I do, how thoroughly the New-York market is glutted with their goods, they assuredly would send out no more on speculation.

The usual dinner hour at New-York is three o'clock; and as the gentlemen almost uniformly return to the discharge of business in the evening, it may be presumed that dinner parties are neither convenient to the entertainer or to the guests. Though not uncommon, therefore, they are certainly less frequent than among individuals of the same class in England. This circumstance has, perhaps, wrought some change in their character, and deprived them of that appearance of easy and habitual hospitality, for the absence of

which, additional splendor or profusion can afford but imperfect compensation. When a dinner party is given in this country, it is always on a great scale. Earth, and air, and ocean, are ransacked for their products. The whole habits of the family are deranged. The usual period of the meal is postponed for several hours; and, considering the materials of which an American *menage* is composed, it is not difficult to conceive the bustle and confusion participated by each member of the establishment, from Peter, the saffron colored groom of the chambers, to Sylvia, the black kitchen wench.

In the ordinary routine, therefore, of American intercourse, visiting seldom commences till the evening, when the wealthier members of the community almost uniformly open their doors for the reception of company. Of this hospitable arrangement, I have frequently taken advantage. On such occasions, little ceremony is observed. Each guest enters and departs when he thinks proper, without apology or explanation. Music and conversation are the usual entertainments—some slight refectation is handed round, and before midnight, the party has broken up.

This facility of intercourse, is both pleasant and convenient to a stranger like myself. It affords valuable opportunities for the observation of manners; and it is pleasing to be admitted within the charmed circle, which many of my predecessors have found it difficult, if not impossible to overpass.

The formalities of a New-York dinner do not differ much from those of an English one. Unfortunately, it is not here the fashion to invite the fairer part of creation to entertainments so gross and substantial, and it rarely happens that any ladies are present on such occasions, except those belonging to the family of the host. The party, however, is always enlivened by their presence at the tea-table, and then comes music, and perhaps dancing; while those, who, like myself, are disqualified for active participation in such festivities, talk with an air of grave authority of revolutions in Europe, the prospects of war or peace, Parliamentary Reform, and other high and interesting matters.

Before dinner, the conversation of the people assembled in the drawing-room, is here, as elsewhere, languid enough; but a change suddenly comes over the spirit of their dream: The folding doors which communicate with the dining-room are thrown open, and all paradise is at once let in on the soul of the *gourmand*.

The table, instead of displaying as with us, a mere beggarly account of fish and soup, exhibits an array of dishes closely wedged in triple column, which it would require at least an acre of mahogany to deploy into line. Plate, it is true, does not contribute much to the splendor of the prospect, but there is quite enough for comfort, though not for display. The lady of the mansion is handed in form to her seat, and the entertainment begins. The domestics, black, white, snuff-colored and nankeen, are in motion; plates vanish and appear again as if by magic; turtle, cold blooded by nature, has become hot as Sir Charles Wetherell, and certainly never moved so rapidly before. The flight of ham and turkey is unceasing; vension bounds from one end of the table to the other, with a velocity never exceeded in its native forest; and the energies of twenty human beings are evidently concentrated in one common occupation.

During soup and fish, and, perhaps, the first slice of the haunch, conversation languishes; but a glass or two of Champagne soon operates as a corrective. The eyes of the young ladies become more brilliant, and those of elderly gentlemen acquire a certain benevolent twinkle, which indicates, that for the time being, they are at charity with themselves and all mankind.

At length the first course is removed; and is succeeded by a whole wilderness of sweets. This, too, passes, for it is impossible, alas! to eat forever. Then come cheese and the dessert; then the departure of the ladies; and claret or Madeira, for an hour or twain, are unquestioned lords of the ascendant.

It would be most ungrateful, were I not to declare, that I have frequently found these dinner parties extremely pleasant. I admit that there is a plainness and even bluntness in American manners, somewhat startling at first to a sophisticated European. Questions are asked with regard to one's habits, family, pursuits, connexions, and opinions, which are never put in England, except in a witness box, after the ceremony of swearing on the four Evangelists. But this is done with the most perfect *bonhomie*, and evidently without the smallest conception, that such examination can possibly be offensive to the patient. It is scarcely fair to judge of a nation by the conventional standard of another; and travellers who are tolerant enough of the peculiarities of their continental neighbors, ought in justice, perhaps, to make more allowance than they have yet done, for those of brother Jonathan. Such questions, no doubt, would be sheer impertinence in an Englishman, because, in putting them, he could not but be aware, that he was violating the established courtesies of society. They are not so in an American, because he has been brought up with different ideas, and under a social regime more tolerant of individual curiosity, than is held in Europe to be compatible with good manners. Yet, after all, it must be owned, that it is not always pleasant, to feel yourself the object of a scrutiny, often somewhat coarsely conducted, and generally too apparent

to be mistaken. I do assert, however, that in no other country I have ever visited, are the charities of life so readily and so profusely opened to a stranger, as in the United States. In no other country will he receive attentions so perfectly disinterested and benevolent; and in none, when he seeks acquaintances, is it so probable that he will find friends.

It has been often said,—indeed, said so often as to have passed into a popular apothegm, that a strong prejudice against Englishmen exists in America. Looking back on the whole course of my experience in that country, I now declare, that no assertion more utterly adverse to truth, was ever palmed by prejudice or ignorance, on vulgar credulity. That a prejudice exists, I admit; but instead of being against Englishmen, as compared with the natives of other countries, it is a prejudice in their favor. The Americans do not weigh the merits of their foreign visitors in an equal balance. They are only too apt to throw their own partialities into the scale of the Englishman, and give it a preponderance to which the claims of the individual have probably no pretensions.

I beg, however, to be understood. Of the vast multitude of English whom the extensive commercial intercourse between the countries, draws to the United States, few indeed, are persons of liberal acquirement, or who have been accustomed to mix in good society in their own country. Coming to the United States on the pursuits of business, they are, of course, left to the attentions of those gentlemen with whom their professional relations come more particularly in contact. Admitting, for argument's sake, that all those persons were entirely unexceptionable both in manners and morals, their mere number, which is very great, would, in itself, operate as an exclusion. That they are hospitably received, I have no doubt, nor have I any, that they meet with every attention and facility which commercial men can expect in a commercial community.

But when an English gentleman, actuated by motives of liberal curiosity, visits their country, he is received in a different manner, and with very different feelings. Once assured of his respectability, he is admitted freely into society, and I again assert, that he will meet a benevolent interest in promoting his views, which a traveller may in vain look for in other countries. I should be wrong in saying, however, that all this takes place without some scrutiny. Of whatever solecisms of deportment they are themselves guilty, the Americans are admirable, and, perhaps, not very lenient judges of manners in others. They are quite aware of high breeding when they see it, and draw conclusions with regard to the pretensions of their guests, from a thousand small circumstances, apparent only to very acute observation. With them, vulgar audacity will not pass for polished ease; nor will fashionable exterior be received for more than its worth. I know of no country, in which an impostor would have a more difficult game to play in the prosecution of his craft, and should consider him an accomplished deceiver, were he able to escape detection amid observation so vigilant and acute.

In admitting that the standard of manners in the United States is somewhat lower than in England, I wish to be understood as speaking exclusively of the higher circles in the latter country. I am not aware, that bating a few peculiarities, the manners of the first rate merchants of New-York, are at all inferior to those either of Liverpool or any other of our great commercial cities. I am certain that they are not inferior to any merchants in the world, in extent of practical information, and liberality of sentiment, and generosity of character. Most of them have been in England, and from actual observation, have formed notions of our national character, and advantages, very different from the crude and ignorant opinions, which, I must say, are entertained by the great body of their countrymen. Were it admissible to form general conclusions of the American character, from that of the best circle in the greater Atlantic cities of the Union, the estimate would be high indeed.

Unfortunately, however, the conclusions drawn from premises so narrow, would be sadly erroneous. The observations already made are applicable only to a very small portion of the population, composed almost entirely of the first-rate merchants and lawyers. Beyond that, there is a sad change for the worse. Neither in the manners nor in the morals of the great body of traders, is there much to draw approbation from an impartial observer. Comparing them with the same classes in England, one cannot but be struck with a certain resolute and obtrusive cupidity of gain; and a laxity of principle with regard to the means of acquiring it, which I should be sorry to believe formed any part of the character of my countrymen. I have heard conduct praised in conversation at the public table, which, in England, would be attended, if not with a voyage to Botany Bay, at least with total loss of character. It is impossible to pass an hour in the bar of the hotel, without being struck with the tone of callous selfishness which pervades the conversation, and the absence of all pretension to pure and lofty principle. The only restraint upon these men is the law, and he is evidently considered the most skilful in his vocation, who contrives to overreach his neighbor, without incurring its penalties.

It may probably be urged, that, in drawing these harsh conclusions, I judge ignorantly, since, having no professional

connexion with trade or traders, I cannot be supposed to know from experience any thing of the actual character of their commercial transactions. To this, I reply, that my judgment has been formed on much higher grounds than the experience of any individual could possibly afford. If I am cheated in an affair of business, I can appeal but to a single case of fraud. I can only assert that a circumstance, has occurred in America, which might have happened in any country in Europe. But, when a man publicly confesses an act of fraud, or applauds it in another, two conclusions are fairly deducible. First, that the narrator is a person of little principle; and, second, that he believes the audience to be no better than himself. Assuredly, no man confesses what he imagines may, by possibility, expose him to contempt; and the legitimate deduction from such details, extends not only to the narrator of the anecdote, but to the company who received it without sign of moral indignation.

It may be well, however, to explain, that the preceding observations have not been founded exclusively on the population of New-York. The company in a hotel, is generally composed of persons from all States in the Union; and it may be, that the standard of probity is somewhat higher in this opulent and commercial city, than in the poorer and more remote settlements. For the last three weeks, I have been daily thrown into the company of about one hundred individuals, fortuitously collected. A considerable portion of these are daily changing, and it is, perhaps, not too much to assume that, as a whole, they afford a fair average specimen of their class. Without, therefore, wishing to lead the reader to any hasty or exaggerated conclusion, I must, in candor, state, that the result of my observations has been to lower considerably the high estimate I had formed of the moral character of the American people.

Though I have unquestionably met in New-York with many most intelligent and accomplished gentlemen, still, I think the fact cannot be denied, that the average of acquirement resulting from education, is a good deal lower in this country than in the better circles in England. In all the knowledge which must be taught, and which requires laborious study for its attainment, I should say that the Americans are considerably inferior to my countrymen. In that knowledge on the other hand, which the individual acquires for himself by actual observation, which bears an immediate marketable value, and is directly available in the ordinary avocations of life, I do not imagine the Americans are excelled by any people in the world. They are, consequently, better fitted for analytic than synthetic reasoning. In the former process they are frequently successful. In the latter, their failure sometimes approaches to the ludicrous.

Another result of this condition of intelligence is, that the tone even of the best conversation is pitched in a lower key than in England. The speakers evidently presume on an inferior degree of acquirement in their audiences, and frequently deem it necessary to advance deliberate proof of matters, which, in the old country, would be taken for granted. There is certainly less of what may be called floating intellect, in conversation. First principles are laboriously established, and long trains of reasoning terminate, not in paradox, but in common place. In short, whatever it is the obvious and immediate interest of Americans to know, is fully understood. Whatever is available, rather in the general elevation of intellect, than in the promotion of individual ambition, engrosses but a small share of public attention.

In the United States, one is struck with the fact, that there exist certain doctrines and opinions which have descended like heir-looms from generation to generation, and seem to form the subject of a sort of national entail, most felicitously contrived to check the natural tendency to intellectual advancement in the inheritors. The sons succeed to these opinions of their father, precisely as they do to his silver salvers, or gold headed cane; and thus do certain dogmas, political and religious, gradually acquire a sort of prescriptive authority, and continue to be handed down unsubjected to the test of philosophical examination. It is at least partially attributable to this cause, that the Americans are given to deal somewhat too extensively in broad and sweeping aphorisms. The most difficult problems of legislation are here treated as matters on which it were an insult on the understanding of a school boy to suppose that he could entertain a doubt. Inquire their reason for the inbred faith of which they are the dark, though vehement apostles, and you get nothing but a few shallow truisms, which absolutely afford no footing for the conclusions they are brought forward to establish. The Americans seem to imagine themselves imbued with a power of feeling truth, or, rather, of getting at it by intuition; for by no other process can I yet discover that they attempt its attainment. With the commoner and more vulgar truths, indeed, I should almost pronounce them too plentifully stocked, since in these, they seem to imagine, is contained the whole valuable essence of human knowledge. It is unquestionable, that this character of mind is most unfavorable to national advancement; yet it is too prominent not to find a place among the features which distinguish the American intellect from that of any other people with whom it has been my fortune to become acquainted.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

ITALIAN CONCERT.

MR. EDITOR,—Having addressed to the science and taste of our city, through the proper "literary" medium, something like a critique upon the late Concerts of the Messrs. Hegmann, I will offer a few comments upon that, given on Wednesday evening of last week, by a Quartett detachment from the Italian Opera of New York.

I have no hesitation in saying, that, to a cultivated ear, this was one of the richest treats ever enjoyed in our city.—The voice of Signora Pedrotti is of the very first order, both as to tone and compass; and it has been perfectly well educated. The captivating charm of her singing, grows out of a delightful combination of melting sweetness of tone, with the most graceful and finished modulations. This effect is heightened by a peculiar dignity and propriety of manner.—The highest touches of art, arrive towards the same points of perfection, held by the beauties of nature as they come from the hand of the Creator. While listening to this Italian singer, we feel the same pleasure in kind, as while listening to the exquisite warbling of the grove. To those who are familiar with the Italian language, the sentiment is superadded and sent home to the feelings, by the power of musical expression.

I perfectly agree with "Orpheus," as to the astonishing power of Signor Fornasari's voice, but could discover nothing of the comparative want of cultivation in that of Signor Pedrotti, of which he speaks. My impression was, that he supplied his want of the natural force of Fornasari, by rather superior cultivation. The truth is, their line of singing is different. Each is, perhaps, equally good in his own.

Signor Ferrero is certainly a fine vocalist.

That most exquisite kind of singing, which is the result of wonderful natural powers, cultivated indefatigably almost from the cradle, astonishes and confounds, rather than pleases the unaccustomed and untutored ear. However naturally good the ear may be, it must be in some degree cultivated and accustomed to such music, before it can relish it. The same thing is true of a first rate piece of painting. The mere natural eye is at first quite as well, or perhaps better pleased with an inferior performance. It needs some improvement and experience, before it can discern and relish the more nice and exquisite beauties of the pencil.

I am told that these opera singers will return from Boston in a few weeks, and give another vocal concert here. I hope they will be patronised in our city, because I verily believe that the cultivation and enlargement of our sense of the sublime and beautiful, has a happy influence in the promotion of intellectual and social refinement.

W. H. S.

For the Literary Journal.

SONG.

I thought that I had broke the chain,
Which bound me captive at thy feet—
That my cold heart would ne'er again,
With rapture in thy presence beat.—
Alas! this scornful eye once more
Beholds thee only in the throng,
And this dull ear, so charmed before
Again is spell-bound by thy song.

I thought the altar where my love
Its incense to thy charms had burned,
Was desolate, since he who strove
To kneel so humbly there, was spurned—
Alas! a spark was glowing where
I deemed the ashes cold had lain;
And thy blue eye, once worshipp'd there,
Hath lit the sacred fire again.

I oft recall the scorn which thou
Didst heap upon Love's purest prayer,
And vow to break the bonds which now
I may not but ignobly wear;
Still, heart will whisper "thus saith Fate—
The slave shall not his fetters sever—
For when he striveth most to hate,
He knows he loveth more than ever."

THETA.

Translated by B. ... from the Original French of Mad. de Beauvoir, for the Literary Journal.

MARIA ROSA; OR, THE DUNGEON ROCK.

CHAPTER I.

"Over the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest
That Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way."

The heat of the day had been sultry and oppressive; and the rays of the setting sun tinged with a brilliant crimson the pure waters of the lake of Nemi and the wooded summits of the mountains by which it is surrounded. No sound would have disturbed the silence of the evening, had not the songs of the villagers returning homeward after their daily labor, been heard at intervals along the different by-paths which lead to Nemi or Genzano. Whenever one of these rustic melodies resounded among the rocks, its notes were caught and repeated by a voice of sweeter tone and more practised execution. This was the voice of a young Frenchman who seated on a slight eminence, where the hill of Genzano descends to the lake of Nemi, was sketching with great eagerness and pleasure, the charming view which extended before him.

For a year, Leon d'Estourville had been wandering through Italy, as an amateur painter. He was enthusiastically devoted to the art; and a desire to add some new sketches to the number which already filled his portfolio, had induced him, after entrusting his horses and baggage to the care of a servant, to leave Rome, for a short residence in Genzano. There, occupying a small apartment in the cottage of a good woman who had undertaken to prepare his food, he was seen every morning leaving his obscure abode, and hastening with his crayons, to the base of an elevated rock, or to the cool shadow of a cluster of green oaks: retreats which he abandoned only when compelled to do so, by the intolerable heat of the noonday sun; and always returned to them with renewed eagerness, in the coolness of the evening.

It may be doubted whether the skill of the young amateur was equal to his passion for the art. Still, any one who had watched the self-satisfied air with which he occasionally viewed his picture, could not have doubted that his pleasure was at least equal to that which a master feels while executing one of his most perfect works. This is a species of enjoyment felt equally by the man of ordinary, and the one of surpassing genius; each would be equally happy, were it not for the feelings which are awakened by the expression of public opinion.

It is therefore not surprising, that D'Estourville, on the evening of which we have spoken, absorbed by the pleasure which he felt in tracing one of the most delightful views which that romantic spot affords, did not immediately perceive that two young girls, who had stopped at a short distance, were gazing intently upon him. His attention was at length aroused by a slight noise; and turning his head, he beheld a figure of so surpassing beauty, that the crayon dropped from his uplifted hand. A cry of admiration which he could not restrain, caused her to retreat a few steps, as with a voice whose tones were music, she said, "It is very late sir, for you to linger so near the lake of Nemi." Then, with a smile, in whose indescribable expression, there was something of seriousness and melancholy, she took the arm of her companion, and both rapidly departed.

Leon hastened to follow their steps; when the one whom he wished to pursue, even if she should flee to the end of the world, suddenly stopped, and joined her hands together, with a signal of entreaty for him to return. The meaning of this expressive gesture was immediately explained by the approach of a man, who soon joined the retreating pair. Not knowing what authority this individual might have over them, Leon felt obliged to respect the mute order which he had received; but as nothing could prevent his gazing at the group, he remained standing in the same position, until they had disappeared behind the rocks which concealed the gate of Nemi.

During his residence in the vicinity of Rome, Leon d'Estourville had seen many beautiful women; and at the age of

twenty-five, with an imagination like his, he had not been without his first romance, either in fancy or in reality: but he had never received an impression like that which he then felt. The form was still before him. In vain did he arrange his portfolio and his crayons: it was impossible for him to resume his work. What could he draw?—her elegant and perfect form—her large black eyes—her enchanting smile—these were all. The heights of Monte Cavi—the limpid water of the lake—the blue waves of the sea which gleamed in the horizon—he saw them not. Rapt in a sweet and unconscious reverie, whose enjoyment was increased by the balmy air of the evening, he was not recalled from it until he saw the moonbeams glittering on the heights of the opposite mountains. Then hastily gathering the drawings which were scattered upon the turf around him, he carelessly threw them into his portfolio, and slowly commenced his return to Genzano.

Previous to that hour, the thunder might have roared around the young amateur, without disturbing the labors of his pencil: but on the next day, at the slightest breath of the zephyr among the foliage, or at the flight of a bird from one branch to another, Leon might have been seen hastily rising and looking on every side, with an agitation and haste corresponding to the accelerated pulsations of his heart. There was no medium in his feelings. Every new impression which affected his ardent imagination, produced but one thought, that of once more beholding the young girl. During the whole day, not a red bodice or a dark dress appeared in the distance, without awakening a hope which was immediately succeeded by disappointment, when the village girl by whom it was worn, approached him, or he hastened to meet her.—But the evening came at last; and then, two apparently interminable days succeeded; but yet she came not again.

That hope was in vain, and Leon was not more successful in his inquiries. He first went to Nemi, passed through every street, and under various pretences, entered many of the houses in that beautiful village; but was surprised to find that they were nearly all deserted, and that those which were still tenanted, appeared to be only the abodes of misery. He then visited in succession, each of the surrounding villages: but returned from each, without having met the object of his search. The feeling of resentment which so often succeeds a disappointed hope, then took entire possession of his mind. "Let me think of her no more," said he to himself; "how they would laugh at me in Paris, if they suspected that I was here wasting my time in the pursuit of a little peasant girl, in an Italian village." (We need only say in explanation, that Leon d'Estourville was one of the gayest fashionables of the faubourg St. Germain.) "I require but two days for the completion of my great picture; after which, I will depart for Rome, and from thence to France. I certainly, by this time, ought to see my mother, my excellent mother, whom I have not beheld for more than a year."

As great flexibility of mind generally produces corresponding effects upon the nervous system, Leon, while thinking of Madame d'Estourville and of the friends whom he so soon expected to rejoin, experienced much less agitation than that which had for the last three days distracted him: and retiring to rest, he slept soundly throughout the night.

With regained composure, he returned on the next day, to his usual place, not to experience the torture of a vain expectation; but to resume his crayons, with renewed enjoyment. His drawing appeared more beautiful than ever.—"What a pity it would have been," said he to himself, "if I had not completed this!" He labored during the whole day, with an eagerness so intense, that when the sun had almost set, he had scarcely twice raised his head, at the noise of all the passengers who had approached the spot.

He was hastening to take advantage of the last ray of sunlight which lingered in the valley. "It is very late, sir, for you to remain so near the lake," said a voice which Leon, at the instant, thought he had not ceased to hear during the last three days. Aroused by a feeling of joy as lively as it was unexpected, he sprang up, and at that time, did not allow the young girls time for escaping. He seized the arm of one, and said, "It is also very late for so beautiful a pair to walk without a protector."

"Ah, we have no fear," said a laughing sun-burnt brunette; for she whom Leon, in his agitation had seized, was not the

one whom he wished to retain: "two steps will carry us home."—"Yes, if I let you go," said Leon, "but I am very far from being inclined to that."

"However sir, you must release my arm."

"Oh, no indeed: you run too fast when one does not hold you. That, I know full well: and unless you promise, by the Madona, to remain willingly here for a quarter of an hour, I shall not release you."

"A quarter of an hour, Maria Rosa!"—said the little brunette to her companion, "do you think it would be very long?"

She to whom these words were spoken, the one from whom Leon had not withdrawn his eyes, answered with the same sweet and melancholy smile, which appeared to be habitual to her beautiful features. This, her companion seemed to consider as a full consent, and to view the agreement as at once completed.

"Well then," said the girl, as soon as he relinquished his hold upon her arm, "if we are to remain, I hope that at least you will show us all your beautiful pictures."

"As long as you please," replied Leon, "if they can afford you amusement. They are mere sketches; but you shall see them all, when you have informed me where you live."

"Indeed sir," said the brunette, "you are a strange man, —you give nothing for nothing."

"Well Mettina," said her companion suddenly, "you can tell Monsieur where we live, if he will promise to return to Genzano before night."

"To Genzano?" exclaimed Leon, with delighted astonishment, "you know then, beautiful Maria, that I abide in Genzano?"

"Yes," she answered, blushing, "at old Margaritta's near the church—I have sometimes seen you at the window, when I have been passing, on my way to the good Cure's."

"You are then from Genzano?"

"We are from Nemi: but we carry our fruit and milk to Genzano."

As Leon contemplated that beautiful face, to which a slight paleness gave an additional charm; that forehead which had known but seventeen years, but which appeared to be covered by a veil of sadness and misfortune, an even deeper feeling of interest was awakened in his soul.—"Through what fatality has it been," said he, "that I have not met you before?—through what fatality is it, that I have so often visited Nemi and its environs, without seeing you?—but now," he added, with a voice of tenderness, "now Maria Rosa, I may see you every day; may I not?"

"Ah," said she, gently withdrawing her hand, "my time is not thus at my own disposal."

"So young—you are not married, I hope?"

"No;—but I have a mother."—She pronounced the last word with a tremor which did not escape the observation of Leon, as she approached her companion, who was busily engaged in turning over the portfolio, and examining the drawings which it contained.

"Look, look, Maria Rosa," said Mettina, "here is Nemi—the lake—Monte Cavi—and many other places, which are all, no doubt, as natural."

"That which you hold in your hand," said Leon, "is a noble view in the vicinity of Terracina."

"Do you sketch then, on the road to Terracina?" asked Maria Rosa, interrupting him, with visible affright.

"I often went there, when I first came into this neighborhood: but in future, I shall not wander far from this spot."

Although Leon made his reply with a look of much expression, the one to whom it was addressed, was doubtless too much occupied by another thought, to understand its meaning. "This spot," she hastily said, "this spot is, at certain hours, as dangerous as any other."

"I am very strongly inclined to believe it," he replied, smiling and again taking her hand.

"Monsieur does not understand that you refer to the Brigands," said the gay brunette. "I must tell you sir, that Maria Rosa has nothing else in her head."

"Oh, as for the Brigands," said Leon, laughing, "I have two good pistols ready to receive them whenever they choose to appear."

"And if there were ten—if there were thirty—of what avail would be your arms?" exclaimed Maria: "would they

not overpower you? Mettina will tell you, as I do, that unfortunate travellers are, every day, found murdered on the road from Rome to Naples: and that a young Englishman who a short time since, was amusing himself by drawing, on the borders of the lake Albano, has suddenly disappeared."—The voice of the poor girl failed, and her whole frame trembled like the leaf which is about to fall.

"It is true," said Mettina, "that the country is not safe: especially at the present time, when they dare not send soldiers against the banditti, because of all those who have been in search among the woods of Monte Cavi, not one, as I think has ever returned."

"It is on Monte Cavi, then, that the brigands have made their retreat?"

"The greater part of them. But my father sometimes says with a laugh, 'if a fire should destroy the houses of Nemi, many of them would be roasted.'"

"You hear sir," said Maria, at whose paleness he was in some degree alarmed: "you will return to Margaritta's when the laborers leave the fields; will you not? I shall not then have to grieve at having given you an unavailing caution."

"The caution must have been sent me from above, since an angel was the messenger," said Leon, kissing the pretty hand which she extended towards him with an expression of kindness: "I shall follow it, sweet Maria Rosa, you may depend upon it."

An unaccustomed look of joy gleamed from the beautiful eyes of the lovely girl. "Thanks to God," she replied—"blessed be all the saints who have not rejected my prayers." At these words, which she uttered with joined hands and with the accents of heart-felt piety, the soul of Leon was so filled with passionate emotion, that he could scarcely refrain from clasping her in his arms.

He looked on her with rapture; and so long continued was his gaze, that she turned her head in confusion, and reminded her companion that the quarter of an hour had elapsed.

"Oh, do not go," said Leon, "without assuring me that I shall see you again to-morrow."

"We do not go to Genzano to-morrow," said Mettina; "we shall not go there again until Thursday."

"Two long days—but I can go to Nemi."

"No, no"—replied Maria hastily: "if you appear at Nemi, you will never see us again—never." She repeated the word, in a manner which left no doubt that she would keep her promise.

"I submit," said Leon, "but you will, at least, be here on Thursday morning?"

"On Thursday evening, with your good leave," said Mettina, laughing: "we proceed there by another road; and besides, we do not go there alone."

"On Thursday evening, then;—but, a little earlier?"

"We return so late as this, only when I dine with the Cure," said Maria Rosa.

"Oh, how soon I will become acquainted with that neighbor," exclaimed Leon.

"You would see the best, the holiest of men—the only friend that Maria Rosa has upon earth, since my poor father has been in heaven." Tears started from the eyes of the girl, as she took the arm of her companion, and turned to depart. "Do not follow us, sir," said Mettina, seeing that Leon was preparing to accompany them; "Maria Rosa will be beaten."

"Beaten?" exclaimed he as they passed from his sight. That word had as it were enchained him to the spot, where he stood motionless and indignant—"beaten!—what barbarism dares do that?"

His feelings of compassion added new strength to the impulses of his romantic spirit; and from that moment, the whole existence of Leon was concentrated in his desire again to see Maria Rosa, and in the hope that he might win her love.

Early the next day, with the ingenious pretence of offering to the Church, a beautiful copy of the Saint Jerome, which he had purchased in the capital, he waited on the good Cure of Genzano. The old man received him with kindness, and in the name of all his parishioners, thanked him for his intended donation to the Church: but while looking at the white hair, which covered one of the most venerable heads

that he had ever seen, the young man had not the courage to speak concerning the true object of his visit, and departed without having been able to utter the name of Maria Rosa; hoping to be more successful in the command of his feelings, at another interview.

He was however far from maintaining a similar reserve towards his other neighbors; but spent the whole day in seeking information respecting her who was not for a moment absent from his mind. She was too eminently beautiful not to be known to most of those to whom his inquiries were addressed. All spoke of "the pearl of Nemi" as a model of gentleness, piety and virtue: but every one added that her mother was one of the most unprincipled of her sex. That this was the cause of that melancholy which appeared to prey upon the poor girl's spirits, Leon had no doubt; although, as the reader will soon perceive, he was far from suspecting the terrible extent of her misfortunes.

Maria Rosa was the daughter of a villager of Nemi, who had acquired a moderate competency by his industry and correct deportment. She had been well instructed until she arrived at her twelfth year, when death robbed her of her father, by whom she had been idolized; and she was left to the sole care of a mother whose heart was destitute of the better feelings of human nature. Teta had never loved her daughter. Although advanced in years, she was far from being willing to remain in a state of widowhood; and the extreme beauty of Maria Rosa which was daily expanding before her eyes, caused the poor girl to be viewed by her as an object of envy and bitter hatred.

Teta was considered in Nemi as a rich widow; and was soon surrounded and flattered by all the profligates of the neighborhood; and unfortunately was seized by a violent passion for the most abandoned among them. A wretch named Ascanio, whose features, though regularly formed, bore the traces of every vice, became at length her husband, and a second tyrant over her unhappy daughter.

Until that time, Ascanio had gained a precarious livelihood by acting as a servant, or as a guide to strangers travelling in the country. This mode of life, which was most agreeable to his idle habits, did not always furnish means for the gratification of his passion for gambling and debauchery. He no sooner came into possession of the little fortune which had been acquired by the worthy father of Maria, than he commenced squandering it in the pursuit of his vile indulgences. The whole was soon exhausted; and his wife was, at length, reduced to the most abject misery. Notwithstanding the abuse which she received from that man to whom she had thus sacrificed all, the attachment of Teta still remained undiminished. She inflicted upon her daughter, the same ill treatment which she herself daily endured. Maria Rosa rarely obtained a morsel of bread which was not accompanied by reproaches and blows from the infuriated termagant; and before the gentle creature had attained the age of fifteen years, the mental tortures which she had endured had caused her to look forward to an early death as a desired and welcome blessing. Her mind, which unfortunately for her happiness, had received much cultivation in her earlier life, was not only advanced beyond her years; but was of an order so greatly superior to those of the brutes to whose propensities she was a slave and a martyr, that the mere daily pain of enduring their presence from morning till night, would have been alone sufficient to render her life a burden. Added to this, the vice, the reckless disorder, the squalid wretchedness by which she was surrounded, increased the misery of her situation; until, at length, the poor girl, determined to put an end to her intolerable sufferings. For several days, she had prayed her Maker to receive her to his mercy; having fully resolved, if again assailed by her mother with blows, to throw herself into the waters of the lake.

But a change suddenly took place in her home, which rendered life more tolerable. The place once more bore an appearance of comfort: new articles of furniture were procured: two cows were purchased; and the garden, which formerly produced the finest fruit, was again cultivated by a hired laborer. "Ascanio," said Teta, "will remain during most of the time, at Terracina, where he is employed by a wealthy Englishman, by whom he is liberally paid. I can take care of every thing here alone, and make the best of

our little property; but that indolent and useless creature must go, I promise you," added she, pointing to her daughter.

Indeed, the poor girl did not wish for any thing better; and the day on which, loaded with a basket of fruit, she joined a number of her companions who were going to the market, of Genzano, was to her a day of happiness.

Being now certain of enjoying, during every week, at least, a few hours of liberty and respite from annoyance, her spirits were cheered, and an occasional smile lighted up her beautiful countenance. She soon secured the affections of every one of her companions; for the amiable creature was so gentle, so good, so grateful for the least mark of kindness, that the most coquettish among them readily pardoned her superior beauty. The interest which was felt in her welfare, by the Cure of Genzano, to whom she often carried fruit, contributed much towards restoring that peace and joy to which she had so long been a stranger. The good old man was not content with merely treating her with friendship, and in receiving her at his table; he strengthened in her afflicted soul, the principles of a pure morality; the sentiments of a confiding and cheering piety; until she was led to think of him as of a second father. Grateful for such a protector—trusting in the goodness of God, she learned quietly to submit to her sufferings; but trials an hundred fold more terrible, were now awaiting her.

For about a year, Ascanio had but very seldom visited his wife; and whenever he appeared, remained but a few days together. On one evening, he came suddenly, with an air of more than usual gloom and ferocity; retired hastily with Teta, and after a long, secret conversation, Maria Rosa heard him depart at a very late hour in the night. During the next day, Nemi was thronged with soldiers, sent as it was said, to exterminate the brigands, who had for some time been ravaging the country. Maria Rosa expected some new out-pouring of her mother's temper, which she doubted not would be excited by an order to furnish lodgings to some of the troops; and it was not without great surprise, that she found herself treated with much less severity than usual.

While she was lying awake one night, reflecting upon this sudden and unexpected change, and vainly endeavoring to divine its cause, her mother silently entered the room, and in a whisper, commanded her to rise and prepare to accompany her. After allowing five minutes for the execution of this order, Teta re-entered the chamber, and gave her a very heavy basket, similar to one which she was herself to carry; both being filled with bread and cold provisions. "Now," said she, "be careful to accompany me without the slightest noise—without uttering a single word while we are on our way. Do you hear?—your life depends upon it." Having said these few words, she opened the door, pushed out the trembling girl, who was more dead than alive; and followed her in silence.

When they had left Nemi, Teta entered a narrow path, which by a continual ascent, leads to the summit of Monte Cavi. This path, Maria Rosa very well knew; although neither she nor any of her companions ever dared to venture upon it, even at mid-day; for the whole forest through which it led, was known to be the retreat of the banditti.

A ray of intelligence struck the mind of the young girl. The long continued absence of Ascanio; his last nocturnal visit to Nemi; so soon followed by the arrival of the troops—all threw new light upon her situation. No longer could she doubt that her mother was compelling her to carry food to the brigands; and as this terrible thought flashed across her mind, she suddenly stopped, without the power of advancing. A violent blow on her back felled her to the earth. "Fool," grumbled a hoarse low voice,—"will you go on?" and as, of all the fears which she could experience, that of her mother's anger was strongest, she rose and obeyed.

At length, Teta made a stand on a level place covered by thick trees, on the side of the mountain. She coughed thrice, as if for a preconcerted signal; and Ascanio instantly appeared, attended by another man; both being completely armed. Maria Rosa felt as if all this must be the delusion of a terrible dream. She felt her knees trembling beneath her weight—her blood chilling in her veins; and was so completely stunned by horror and affright, that during almost an hour which she passed in that fearful spot, she heard

not a single word which was exchanged between the three who stood near her, whose voices, although low, were those of persons who have no fear of being overheard.

The moment of separation came at last; and she regained her senses when she saw Ascanio approaching her, with a dagger in his hand.

"Silence girl!" said he, with a threatening tone. "Be quiet," said Teta, "I was obliged to take her with me, for both baskets were too heavy; but let a single word escape her lips, and I will take care that she shall keep silence forever!" Thus saying, Teta threw herself into the arms of Ascanio; from whence she did not depart until she had wearied the brigand with her lavished caresses.

On that fatal night had Maria Rosa become the involuntary confidant of rapine and murder. Not being able to reveal her terrible situation, without directly exposing the life of the being who had given her existence, she was compelled to keep the secrets of crime, and even to aid in its perpetration. She was obliged to assist her mother, on each night when she carried the food to Monte Cavi, for Ascanio and the banditti of whom he had become the chief—she must listen to the most shameless conversation—and hear of murders already done and of murders yet to be committed. Then with her beautiful forehead covered by a cold sweat, she could, alas, only envy the fate of the victims: for the deep religious feelings which had entered her soul, would not permit her self-destruction: but when beaten by her mother, (which now frequently occurred,) she would raise her head under the blows, and cry, "kill me—kill me, mother—oh, if you would but kill me!"

The first company of soldiers which were sent by the government against the brigands, were slaughtered, to a man. A second troop soon followed, but to share their fate; and then no further attempts were made against the scourge which was carrying desolation through the country. From the moment that the failure of the last attack was known, the ranks of the banditti were augmented by all the lawless outcasts of the district; and their forces at length became so numerous, that no road, no village in the vicinity of Rome, was safe from their unparalleled audacity.

About that time, some of the band had seized on the shore of the lake Albano, a young Englishman, the son of a wealthy lady, who resided in a neighboring village. With the expectation of obtaining a heavy ransom, they spared his life, and confined him in Monte Cavi: a course which they had previously taken, with several other individuals, whose families had been obliged to purchase their liberation at enormous prices. The English lady while mourning the loss of her only son, received a letter, in which she was commanded to deposit two hundred pieces of gold, in a place which was particularly described, with an assurance that on the day after her compliance with this demand, her son would be returned unhurt. Such messages seldom failed to produce their intended effect: those to whom they were addressed, feeling the necessity of silence until their friends should be recovered, as the brigands had always been faithful in the performance of their promises.

While they were awaiting the result of this demand, Teta was commissioned to supply the young Englishman with bread and water. His dungeon was in the interior of an immense rock hollowed by the hand of nature, which received a little air through its crevices, but into which the light could scarcely penetrate. The brigands had closed the principal opening to the cavern, by a door strongly barred with iron, the key of which was kept only by Ascanio or his wife.

Three nights in succession, Maria Rosa accompanied her mother to that dreadful place; and although she did not enter the rock; she approached near enough to hear the hoarse tones of the unfeeling woman, answering a sweet voice which came, mingled with groans, from within. Painfully commiserating his wretched situation, the gentle girl, during these three days, ceased praying for herself, and only besought her God for the release of that unfortunate young being. Alas! she little dreamed at what a price that prayer was to be granted.

The day fixed by the banditti, had now arrived. Teta commanded her daughter to go to a large oak which she described. "You must look attentively at its foot," said she; "and if you see that the earth has lately been removed, you will

find there a purse of gold, which you must bring to me immediately. If you find nothing—the worse will it be for him—his account will be closed to-night."

At these words, Maria Rosa stood as if petrified; less through fear for her own life so mercilessly exposed, than from horror at the task which she was thus compelled to undertake. With her beautiful eyes fixed on the hideous features of her mother, she remained immovable before that remorseless being, who appeared like an evil spirit which had escaped from its infernal abode.

"Well!"—said Teta, "do you intend to go? I suppose you will earn the bread we give you?—and as no one can suspect the saint of Nemi," she added, with a smile of mockery, "I have at last found a way to make you useful."—"I am going," said the young girl, as if Heaven had directed her in the course which she was to pursue. "Yes, I am going there," she repeated, as she rapidly directed her steps towards the spot which her mother had described. "If I find the gold, I shall return with it, and save the life of a fellow creature, before I depart. If I do not find it, I will immediately abandon the house—I will leave my country—I will go forth and beg my bread, or die upon the road—any thing, any thing will be better than to dwell longer with these fiends!"

The required sum had been buried at the foot of the oak. Maria Rosa, although shuddering with apprehension, could not but give thanks to God, that it was there. After throwing around an anxious and almost bewildered gaze, she seized the purse, and hastened back with it to Teta.

On the same evening, the young Englishman was liberated; and on the next day, perhaps at the very hour when his mother was unfolding him in her arms, the innocent agent in his release, was leaving her maternal home with a hope, that she should never enter it again.

The arrival of Ascanio caused her determination not to omit her departure for a single day. This man, since his defeat of the troops, appeared to have no fear in showing himself at Nemi; and had already at several times, spent a number of days in succession, at the dwelling of his wife. Maria Rosa was surprised to find, that so far from joining, as he had formerly done, in the unfeeling treatment which she received from Teta, he could scarcely conceal the pleasure which he felt at being in her society. Although restrained in some degree, by the presence of his wife, he was lavish of his attentions, of his complaisance towards the trembling girl; and while seizing every opportunity to address her, words and glances several times escaped him, which filled her with affright. Although Maria Rosa could have depended upon the jealousy of Teta, (which might be compared to that of a tigress,) as a protection from danger, yet the mere consciousness of having aroused the feelings of this brutal ruffian, was to her a thought so odious, that the desire of escaping from this new source of misery, would have been alone sufficient to cause a determination immediately to abandon her home.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1833.

BRITISH TRAVELLERS IN AMERICA.

We give in the present number, an extract from the unpublished work of Colonel Hamilton, on the United States. The high reputation of the author will undoubtedly cause his book to be eagerly and extensively sought for: and judging by the present specimen, we doubt not, it will be read with profit as well as pleasure.

Although we have never felt that extreme degree of sensibility which has been manifested by so many of our countrymen, respecting the representations of American society and manners which have so often been made in Europe, by hiring writers, for the interested purposes of mercenary publishers; and although we very much doubt the extent of the evil which these writings are supposed to produce, in the false impressions which they create abroad; still among all the outpourings of ignorance and conceit, which have of late appeared in England, in the form of Travels in America, we are pleased to find that the task has been assumed by one, who is both a scholar and a gentleman.

In regard, however to several of the other works on this subject, we cannot in all respects fully agree with the pro-

priety of the course of remark which they have called forth from the conductors of the American Press. From most of these productions, false, and distorted as are many of the statements which they contain, and contemptible as may be the spirit in which they are written, we may still learn many undeniable truths, which it would be more wise in us to make the subject of serious and profitable reflection, than of angry recrimination. If we always reject the lessons of Truth, when we are not entirely pleased with the garb in which she makes her appearance, we shall often lose the benefit of her most useful and effective teachings. To deny a fact, merely because we dislike the manner, in which it is conveyed, is folly: and to aim a blow at a mirror, because it presents a disagreeable reflection, without inquiring whether the fault is in the glass, or in the features which we present to its surface, is no great mark of wisdom.

There is much ignorant pretension and disgusting flippancy of remark, in most of these productions; and some of them are filled with contemptible and vulgar abuse of almost every thing upon which they treat. All this, well deserves the full measure of reprobation which it has received: but we still doubt whether their authors, as a body, are guilty of wilful misrepresentation and deliberate falsehood, to the extent with which they have been so often charged. The fault of most of them, does not so much consist in giving false descriptions of things which they have seen among us, as in giving pretended descriptions of those things which they have not seen. Many of their delineations of the want of good breeding, of refinement, and of the gross and impertinent violations of decorum, which they describe as existing among some portions of society and in some parts of our country, are true. These, it is not worth our while to deny; but the great fault of this body of book-makers, consists in their pretended descriptions of the manners and character of those circles of American society into which few of them have been qualified to obtain an introduction.

Many of these books have been written by men who were utterly incompetent to the task: by travelling agents of British mercantile or manufacturing establishments, who have crossed the Atlantic with no recommendations except their letters of introduction from their employers at home, to the wholesale importers of British goods in America: or by hackney scribblers out of employment, with no recommendations at all. What means of introduction into the best circles of society here, can be brought by a man who has never been admitted into such society at home? As well might a yankee skipper, who has spent a week among the bales and hogsheads on the wharves of Liverpool, attempt on his return, to describe the interior arrangements of the dwellings of the nobleman and prince, or to write an essay on the modes of instruction at Oxford or Cambridge; as a travelling agent from Manchester or Birmingham, to describe the most refined and intellectual society of one of our cities, through which he has passed, exhibiting his patterns of broadcloth, or prating with cockney eloquence, his samples of screw-drivers and gimlets. Such a man may be laughed at for his self-conceit and his ridiculous pretensions; but it may not always be perfectly fair to charge him with deliberate falsehood, for statements which he ignorantly makes on the authority of those, who perhaps have as little correct information on the subject as himself.

While such books are published and read abroad, and republished and read with equal if not greater eagerness at home, it appears to us, that but little will be effected in removing the evil feelings which they engender, by meeting and answering their ridiculous statements, with recrimination and abuse. All of them, even the worst, contain truths by which we may profit, if we will; and the wisest as well as most dignified course would be, to examine these with candor and without prejudice or passion: and to treat the falsehood and misrepresentation which they contain, with the silent contempt which it deserves; instead of ourselves adding a tenfold currency and importance to such effusions of conceited ignorance, by an overstrained sensibility to its otherwise comparatively harmless assaults. The effect of these ephemeral productions would then be transitory indeed; and would soon be entirely removed by the authority of able and honest visitors, who are willing and competent to describe us as we are.

With respect to Colonel Hamilton, we know not what impressions he may have received during his visit to America. We have, however, no fears that our country will suffer injustice at his hands: and however severe his book may be, it is doubtless written with manliness and candor.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The sixty-fourth Annual Commencement of this Institution, will be celebrated in the First Baptist Meeting House, on Wednesday, the fourth day of September next. There are twenty candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, eighteen of whom it is expected will take a part in the exercises of the day.

On the afternoon of Commencement day, the Rhode-Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa, will celebrate their third anniversary, at the same place; Oration by Hon. Virgil Maxcy, of Washington city. It is expected that all the Societies of Undergraduates will hold their celebrations on the day preceding Commencement. We have already given the names of their respective Orators, &c., so far as they have been ascertained. From the reputation of the graduating class, and the well known abilities of the gentlemen who will address the different societies, we have every reason to expect a brilliant and attractive literary festival.

So far as respects its number of students, its discipline, and the increased facilities of instruction, which it now affords, Brown University is in a highly flourishing condition.

Although the graduating class is not large, a reference to the catalogue will show, that the number of students has been gradually increasing during the last four years. Within the present year, not less than fifty have been admitted; and there is every reason to believe, than an equal, if not greater number, will be received during the year to come.

On the approach of an anniversary which never fails to interest the friends of the College, and particularly those who have received her direct advantages, we cannot refrain from offering a few remarks upon the measures which have been adopted, for affording her the means of more extended usefulness.

While many other similar institutions in our country, have received extraneous aid towards effecting the purposes for which they were founded; while most of them have been the frequent recipients of public bounty, and in many instances, by the direct provisions of legislative enactments; this University has neither solicited nor received the assistance of the public; while with little other encouragement than that which she has derived from the noble donations of an individual patron, she has acquired and maintained a high rank among her sister institutions. But by the generous aid which many of these are continually receiving, they are enabled to afford facilities for instruction altogether beyond those which any of them could furnish, if left dependant only upon their own immediate resources. While these are therefore rapidly advancing, it is utterly impossible for our University to maintain her relative standing among them, by means only of the ordinary receipts of her treasury. From this yearly income she reaps no permanent benefit. None of it remains in her coffers; for it is immediately required, to furnish the direct means of that instruction for which it is paid.

Deeply impressed with these considerations, and desirous that some plan might be devised to enable her to keep pace with her kindred institutions; a number of the Alumni of Brown University, after repeated consultations, and a careful investigation of the subject, resolved to call a general meeting of the graduates; which was accordingly holden on the day after the last annual Commencement: at which it was proposed to raise by subscription a *Permanent Fund* of *twenty-five thousand dollars*, "of which the interest shall be, from time to time, appropriated exclusively to the purchase of Books for the Library, and of Apparatus for the Philosophical and Chemical Departments:"—the amount of each subscription to be paid in three annual instalments.

In aid of this generous object, the sum of *ten thousand dollars* was immediately pledged by an individual; and it was hoped, that by a vigorous and systematic effort, the remainder of the sum could be raised by the present time.—The objects of the subscription were briefly, but powerfully set forth by a committee appointed at that meeting, in their circular, addressed to the Alumni of the University; and

through their active exertions, further pledges to the amount of seven thousand dollars, have been added to the list; making in all, the sum of *seventeen thousand dollars*, which has been offered for the attainment of the contemplated object.

In connection with this undertaking, a munificent individual has engaged to erect at his own expense, a new college edifice, to contain a Library, Philosophical Hall, Lecture Rooms, &c., which is already in rapid progress. It is to be located between Hope College and University Hall; to consist of two stories, exclusive of the basement, with an elevation higher than either of the present buildings. Its walls, which are to be of stone, covered with a durable cement, will probably be completed in the course of the coming autumn; and it is expected that the edifice, which will be not only a commodious, but a highly ornamental structure, will be ready for use, by the next succeeding Commencement.

Of the contemplated Permanent Fund, *eight thousand dollars* remain to be raised: and we lament the necessity which compels us to say, that the coldness and indifference with which the proposal has been too often received, has been a cause of equal surprise and regret. Can it be possible, that while in every other State, exertions the most strenuous are continually made, for advancing the character and adding to the means of their seminaries of learning; that the public spirited and enterprising citizens of Rhode-Island will permit their University to fall behind her competitors in the race of improvement? Can it be, that they are willing to see this most valuable of all their institutions droop and languish, for want of a single slight effort to aid her onward?

It should be recollected, that it is not the University herself who asks this favor. She does not come forward, to present and urge her just claims to public patronage and bounty. It is her sons, who, grateful for the benefits which they have received from her resources, ask her friends and their brethren to join and aid them in affording her means for the diffusion of greater and more extended benefits.—They have no other motive for engaging in this work, than that which springs from a consciousness of its vast importance. They have no more interest in its success, than any others of their fellow-citizens; from whom they ask nothing which they are not themselves willing to do.

It is not for the benefit of the University—it is not for her aggrandizement: but for the permanent welfare of the community, of which they form a part—for the benefit of the present and of future generations—for the pride and honor of their native State; that they have made their confident, and we trust, not unavailing appeal.

To the graduates of the College in particular, we cannot better express our feelings, on this subject, than by adopting the closing paragraph of the Committee's circular:

"In conclusion, we appeal to past recollections and to future hopes. Not less than *one thousand* of the alumni of Brown University, are supposed to be still living. Of this number, some can well remember, how they hung upon the lips of the accomplished MANNING, to catch the instructions of Science and the lessons of Piety. Fresh in the memory of others, are the face and the accents of the eloquent MAXCY, when his imagination revelled amid images of classical beauty, or his intellect found a congenial element amid the solemnities of moral truth.—While indulging these reminiscences of the venerated dead, we are reminded of the tribute due to living worth. MANNING and MAXCY, the first two Presidents of Brown University, together with perhaps the greater number of their pupils, have passed to the awards of immortality. But there yet live hundreds of you who remember, with pleasure, him who, in the order of Providence, was called to succeed them—who presided over the University, for nearly a quarter of a century, and who must be intimately associated with the recollections of your happiest years. Let us hope that those of you, who look back upon the past, with sentiments of grateful veneration, and forward upon the future, with a strong and exhilarating hope, will come up to the help of your Alma Mater, at this critical period of her fortunes. She asks you, for some cheering token of interest in her welfare. She asks you not to sustain her in her present position which, unaided, she has won; but she asks you to enable her to *ADVANCE* in the career of improvement, and, in concert with similar institutions, to spread abroad over this land, the elements of intellectual

and moral happiness—the treasures of LEARNING, and the light of TRUTH."

NEW BOOKS.

ELLIS' POLYNESIAN RESEARCHES.—The first of four volumes comprising the results of observations made during a residence of more than eight years in the Society and Sandwich Islands, by William Ellis; has lately been published in a very handsome form, by the Messrs. Harper of New York. We have received much pleasure, and have derived much information from the present volume. Its details are clear and satisfactory. So far as it goes, it is decidedly the best work on the subject, which we have ever met.

ABERCROMBIE'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE MORAL FEELINGS.—This little work, which has been republished in the fifty-eighth number of Harper's Family Library, will be read with much interest, by all who have examined the excellent work of the same author on the Intellectual Powers. It is sufficient praise to say, that the present is in every respect worthy the reputation of the preceding volume.

MARY OF BURGUNDY; OR, THE REVOLT OF GHENT.—The new romance by the author of "Richelieu," Philip Augustus, &c. is spoken of in high terms of commendation, as being at least fully equal to either of the former productions of Mr James, and from the cursory examination which we have been enabled to give it, we are inclined to believe that its merits have been by no means, overrated.

TALES AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—These are two well written volumes; and will afford much pleasure to the admirers of genuine humor, and happy delineations of national and individual character.

TAYLOR'S LIFE OF COWPER.—A very neat re-print of the life of the poet Cowper, compiled from his correspondence, and other authentic sources, containing some of his letters which have not been embodied with any previous narrative of his life, by Thomas Taylor, has just been published by Messrs. Key & Biddle, of Philadelphia.

THE PROVIDENCE FRANKLIN SOCIETY.—This flourishing institution is about to be removed from its present location in South Main-street, to the large two-story building which was erected by Mr De Witt for the High School, in the rear of Benefit and College-streets. The building has been purchased by the Society, and will afford ample accommodations for its extensive and increasing collections; which in their new situation will be much less exposed to injury and destruction by fire, than in the more central and exposed situation in which they have hitherto remained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications were received previous to our last publication, day; but not in season to be inserted, or even to be noticed in the last number. As two of the pages which are usually devoted to the reception of communications, are generally printed early in the week, correspondents are desired to send their favors on, or before Monday, if they would secure an insertion in the next succeeding number: as preference must always be given to the one earliest received, when two articles are of equal merit.

The favors of THETA and of W. H. S. were omitted from our last, merely on account of the late hour of their reception. We insert them both with pleasure, to-day.

The author of the "COTTAGE GIRL" may, with a little more labor, produce a very good tale. His present effort we must, however, decline. Our only objection to the story which he has now told, is, that he had *no story to tell*.—It is deficient in incident; and its catastrophe is an effect without any adequate cause.

The effusion of B. E. S. evinces a good command of language, and except in one or two lines, is written with an easy flow of rhyme: but it wants strength and spirit. We verily believe, if we could rouse him into a poetic rage, by some ill-natured criticism, it would be a benefit both to him and ourselves; for he would throw off a better piece of poetry, and we should obtain a very acceptable communication.

No. I., was not in time. He shall have a place next week. We have for the same reason, been compelled to omit the communication of A., with the extracts from the "District School." They are also on file for our next.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE BUGLE.

FROM MILLER'S POEMS.

"But still the dingle's hollow throat,
Prolong'd the swelling Bugle's note;
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answer'd with their scream:
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till Echo seem'd an answered blast."

O, wild, enchanting horn!
Whose music, up the deep and dewy air,
Swells to the clouds, and calls the Echo there,
'Till a new melody is born!

Wake, wake again; the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down;
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense, and eloquently bright!

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark, how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start;
As boyhood's old remembered shout.

O, have ye heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bath'd battlements:
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents;
Like some near breath, around ye steal?

Or have ye, in the roar,
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never cease?

Go, go; no other sound,
No music, that of air on earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On Midnight's fathomless profound!

PASSION AND PRUDENCE.

FROM THE ARABIAN OF ABU AL CASSIM BEN TABATABA.

How oft does passion's grasp destroy
The pleasure that it strives to gain—
How soon the thoughtless course of joy,
Is doomed to terminate in pain.

When prudence would thy steps delay,
She but restrains, to make thee blest:
Whate'er from joy she lops away,
But heightens and secures the rest.

Would'st thou a trembling flame expand,
That hastens, in the lamp, to die—
With careful touch, with sparing hand,
The feeding stream of life supply.

But, if thy flask profusely sheds
A rushing torrent o'er the blaze;
Swift, round the sinking flame it spreads,
And kills the fire it vain would raise.

THE LITTLE HAND.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

Thou wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth in azure tinge.
With frolic smiles and gladness meek,
Thy radiant brow is drest;
While fondly to thy mother's cheek
Thy little hand is prest.

That little hand! what prescient wit
Its history may discern,
Ere time its tiny bones shall knit
With manhood's sinews stern?
The artist's pencil shall it guide
Or spread the snowy sail?
Or hold the plough with rural pride,
Or ply the sounding flail?

Through music's labyrinthian maze,
With thrilling ardor rove;
Or weave those tender, tuneful lays,
That beauty wins from love?
Old Coke or Blackstone's learned tome
With weary toil explore,
Or trim the lamp, in classic dome,
'Till midnight's watch be o'er?

The pulse of languid sickness press,
Or such high honor gain
As in the pulpit raised to bless
A pious listening train?

Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervor cold;
Or starting, feel the envenomed clasp
Of treachery's serpent fold?

Or linked in hallowed union, blest,
Of changeless love benign,
Press some fair infant to thy breast,
As thou dost cling to mine?
But Oh! may the Almighty Friend,
From whom our being came,
This dear and powerless hand defend,
From deeds of guilt and shame.

From cruel war's discolored blade,
From withering penury's pain;
From dark oppression's direful trade,
And from the miser's gain.
Grant it to dry the tears of woe,
Wild folly's course restrain;
The alms of sympathy bestow,
The righteous cause maintain.

Write wisdom on the wings of time,
E'en 'mid the morn of youth,
And, with benevolence sublime,
Dispense the light of truth.
Discharge a just and useful part,
Through life's uncertain maze,
Till coupled with an angel's heart,
It strikes the lyre of praise.

LICENSING THEATRES.

EXTRACT FROM A CURIOUS OLD MANUSCRIPT IN MALONE'S COLLECTION, IN THE BODELEIAN LIBRARY.

Yesterday being the day appointed for licensing the various Theatres, a full meeting of the Surry Magistrates took place.

The first application was made by Mr William Shakspeare for the renewal of his license for the Globe Theatre on the Bank side.

Sir Thomas Holmes felt considerable hesitation in assenting to the renewal of the license. He would put one question to Mr Shakspeare. Had he or had he not written, and caused to be represented at the Globe Theatre, a play called *Henry VIII*? Mr Shakspeare admitted he had. Sir Thomas Holmes then stated, he had only put the question for form, he had himself attended and witnessed the representation; his feelings were truly shocked. Mr Shakspeare had represented our late revered Sovereign as laboring to procure a divorce from Queen Catherine, by the most unjust and corrupt artifices, and even as endeavoring to effect it by means of Italian perfidy. He had also represented his prime Minister as levying cruel and oppressive taxes on the people in his Majesty's name; circumstances tending to bring our late revered Sovereign's memory into contempt; and very painful to the feelings of his daughter, our present beloved Sovereign (Elizabeth).

Mr Shakspeare admitted the writing and representation of the play, but appealed to the proceedings of the Court, and to every memoir of the life of Henry VIII. for the truth of the characters delineated in his play.

Sir Thomas Holmes considered this rather an aggravation of the offences, and calculated to augment the danger.

Sir Charles Wynn felt indignant at the exposition made of the duke of Buckingham.

Members Hemmings and Condell humbly stated that Mr Shakspeare was only a Joint Patentee, and that they would take care to guard a similar representation.

A consultation here took place among the Magistrates.—The Chairman, at length, informed Mr Shakspeare that his license would be renewed this year, but cautioned him against portraying in future the characters of Kings, Ministers, or Courtiers, at least such as had not been dead an hundred years.

CHOOSING A TEXT.—A young preacher in the time of James I. being appointed to hold forth before the Vice Chancellor and heads of the College at Oxford, chose for his text, "What! cannot you watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the Vice Chancellor happened to be one of those heavy headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeated his text, in an emphatical manner, at the end of every division of the discourse; the unfortunate Vice Chancellor, as often awoke; and this happened so often, that at last, all present could very well see the joke. The Vice Chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and the talk it had occasioned that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man, to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the Archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his Grace procured him the honor of preaching before the King. Here also he had his joke; he gave out his text in these words: "James the first and sixth, *Waver not*," which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick sighted, exclaimed, "He's at me already;" but

he was, upon the whole, so well pleased with this clerical wag, as to make him one of his Chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

In the course of his perilous career, Cromwell had many narrow escapes. One of them is thus related:—"A short time before the battle of Dunbar, as he was reviewing the ground accompanied by a small party of cavalry, a soldier of the Scottish army, prompted by his own zeal, concealed himself behind a wall which enclosed a field, and fired his musket at Cromwell; the ball passed very near him—the cavalry which attended him were alarmed; but Oliver, who was going at a round trot, never altered his pace, but, only looking over his shoulder to the place whence the shot came, called out, "You lubberly rascal, were one of my men to miss such a mark, he should certainly be tried up to the halberds."

On the formation of what was called the Coalition Ministry, Mr Erskine was appointed to succeed Mr Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) in the important situation of Lord Advocate for Scotland. On the morning of receiving his appointment, he had an interview with Mr Dundas in the outer Parliament House; when observing the latter had already resumed the ordinary stuff gown, which all practitioners at the Scottish Bar, except the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor General of the time being, are in the custom of wearing, he said gaily, that he "must leave off talking, and go and order his silk gown to be made." "It is hardly worth while," said Mr Dundas drily, "for the time you will want it, you had better borrow mine." Mr Erskine replied, "from the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr Dundas, I have no doubt that your's is a gown made to fit any party: but, however short my time in office may be, it shall never be said of Henry Erskine, that he put on the abandoned habits of his predecessor."

MACKLIN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—"I have often told you that every man must be the maker or marrer of his own fortune. I repeat the doctrine: he who depends upon his incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest and most exalted kind; they are the creators of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and never can disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and turn even vicissitudes of an unfortunate tendency, to a contrary nature. You have genius, you have learning, you have industry at times, but you want perseverance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly,—'PERSEVERE.'"

Lady Montague seems in her old age, to have lost the nobleness of mind which was so conspicuous in her younger years; a curious instance of this is furnished in one of her letters to her daughter. "I believe, (thus she writes), Mr A. talks partially of me, as to my looks; I know nothing of the matter, as it is eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable that I resolved to spare myself such mortifications for the future, and shall continue the resolution to my life's end."

The author of *Lacon* justly observes, that it is lamentable to think, what a gulph of impracticability must ever separate men of principle, whom offices want, from men of no principle, who want offices. Those who would conscientiously employ power for the good of others, deserve it, but do not desire it; and those who would employ it for the good of themselves, desire it, but do not deserve it.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, and the latter is the more noble of the two.

AGES OF TREES.—According to the Journal of Health, there are some very aged trees in the world. De Candolle, a writer on the subject, thinks he has proved in some way which satisfies him, that there are trees of the ages annexed to their names below.

An Elm, 335 years; Cypress, about 350; Ivy, 450; Larch, 576; Orange, 630; Olive, 700; Oriental plane, more than 720; Cedar of Lebanon, about 800; Oaks, 810, 1080, 1500; Lime, 1076, 1148; Yew, 1214, 1458, 2588, 2880; Toxodum, 4000 to 6000; Baobab, 5150.

The Baobab is a tree of Africa, which has a trunk sometimes sixty to eighty feet in circumference, although it is scarcely a dozen feet high.

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